If euer he haue wife let her be made
As miſerable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Cherſey* with your holy load
Taken from *Pauls* to be in interred there:
And ſtill as you are weary of the waight, *Enter*
Reſt you whiles I lament King *Henries* corſe. *Gloceſter.*
Glo. Stay you that beare the coarſe, and ſet it downe.
La. What blacke Magitian, coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds:
Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by Saint *Paul*,
Ile make a corſe of him that diſobeyes?
Gen. Stand backe and let the coffin paſſe.
Glo. Vnmannerly dog, ſtandſt thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher then my breaſt,
Or by Saint *Paul* ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldneſſe.
La. What do you tremble, are you all affraid?
Alaſſe, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou fearefull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall body,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue therefore be gone,
Glo. Sweet Saint for charity be not ſo curſt.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods ſake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell,
Fil'd it with curſing cryes, and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hanious deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afreſh,
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of foule deformity,
For tis thy preſence that exhals this blood,
From cold and empty veines where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge moſt vnnaturall,
Oh God, which this blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkſt, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtrike the murderer dead,

Or

Or Earth gape open wide,
As thou didſt ſwallow vp th
Which his Hell-gouernd a
Glo. Lady, you know no
Which render good for bad
La. Villanne, thou know
No beaſt ſo fierce, but kno
Glo. But I know none, a
La. Oh wonderfull whe
Glo. More wonderfull wh
Vouchſafe deuine perfection
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to
By circumſtance but to acq
La. Vouchſafe defuſed in
For theſe knowne euils, but
By circumſtance to curſe thy
Glo. Fairer then tongue c
Some patient leaſure to exc
La. Fouler then heart can t
No excuſe currant, but to ha
Glo. By ſuch diſpaire I ſh
L. And by diſpairing ſhou
For doing worthy vengean
Which didſt, vnworthy ſlau
Glo. Say that I ſlew them
La. Why then they are
But dead they are and diuel
Glo. I did not kill your hu
La. Why then hee is ali
Glo. Nay he is dead and ſlai
La. In thy foule throat tho
Thy bloody faulchion ſmoo
The which thou once didſt b
But that my brother beat aſ
Glo. I was prouoked by h
Which laid her guilt vpon my
La. Thou waſt prouoked b
Which neuer dreamt on oug
Didſt thou not kill this King

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.62)